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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVII. CHICAGO, AUGUST 22, 1901. NUMBER 25

Class Readings In The Bible

From the Standpoint of the Higher Criticism

By

Walter L. Sheldon.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

A Search for An Infidel

A SEQUEL TO JESS:

BITS OF WAYSIDE GOSPEL

SECOND SERIES

By

JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Twelve delightful essays dellvered by the author generally on return from his summer holidays.
The "*Living Church*," Milwaukee.

I am glad you wrote "Jess" and the other book.—Anonymous Correspondent.

For saints and sinners of every kind, inspired by charity and common sense.—"*Telegraph*," Philadelphia.

There is a healthy optimism which is invigorating.—"*Advertiser*," Boston.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who not long ago sent among the readers of the world his "Jess, Bits of Wayside Gospel," has turned out another equally interesting, instructive and refreshing book. Refreshing, because it is one of the best vacation volumes that can be carried into the country. Its title may not be the happiest that could have been chosen, but after all, it is not likely that "A Search For an Infidel" will be rewarded by finding one. It may properly be deemed a nature book, for it is full of lessons, the objects of which are within the reach as well as the comprehension of every reader. How to make vacation profiitable mentally, morally and religiously is the aim of the author. He has succeeded wonderfully in harnessing objects and facts as the bases of his exquisite diction. The book takes the form of sermons—sermons with such starting points as "The Spade and the Pruning Hook," "The Dead Tree," "The Gospel of the Desert," "Water," "The Night Blooming Cereus," "Voices of the Night, a "Sunday on the Sea," "Guide Boards," and the "Everlasting Love." There is just enough of practical theology in these pages to indicate that there is practical religion in the world. The style is broad enough to suit every desire, and there is neither liberal or pious cant in its phraseology to mar its usefulness. No reader who starts in this "Search for an Infidel" will fail to be richer in the appreciation of what we call vacation time by what he captures, even if he does not come up with the infidel.—"*Eagle*," Brooklyn.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLVII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1901. NUMBER 25

We reprint this note from our secular exchange, the *Republican* of Wauseon, Ohio, not because of its originality or uniqueness, but because it is a hopeful sign of the times. When our secular papers, particularly our partisan organs, will speak out upon questions that are "touchy," particularly to "our party," the cause of peace may well take courage. Says our exchange: "Certain scientific journals devote much space to battleships and their equipments which might better be devoted to illustrating the arts of peace and thus hasten the time when nations learn war no more."

After many vicissitudes the American Revision Committee are at last to find a publisher, and soon Thomas Nelson & Sons are to give us a Bible that will embody the recommendations of the American committee rejected by the English committee in the revision of 1885. Pending a more careful study of the American revision, we content ourselves with this word of welcome for, as can be clearly seen by anybody who will compare the list of American variations printed at the end of the revised version of 1885, the American revisers generally differed from their English collaborators in a greater independency and a wider departure from the received version. Familiarity of phrase is valuable, but not when secured at the cost of clearness or of fidelity to the original.

The London Inquirer in a recent issue has an interesting editorial on the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, whom it styles a "Unitarian confessor." The old entry reads, in the Baptismal Register of the Catterick Church, "A Vicar of this place for ten years, who voluntarily resigned not from infirmities of age, but out of principles of conscience, November 28, 1773. A Christian, devout, learned and ingenius, and a great benefactor of this place." Later is given this extract from his own diary: "I have not known such quiet of mind and perfect peace with God for many years till now, and I would not exchange it for a thousand worlds." Surely there is something more fundamental in a minister's life than "success" and the salary and popularity that go therewith.

Amos R. Wells, a name particularly dear to the friends of Antioch College, has a suggestive article in a recent number of the *Sunday School Times* on the useful art of buying peaches. It is a little sermon "founded on fact," a warning against the pink mosquito netting which dealers were wont to cover their peach baskets with, which practice now, according to Mr. Wells, is forbidden by law. Mr. Wells finds it worth while to go a whole block out of the way in order to reach an honest dealer when he buys his peaches. This is a suggestion which many a church goer may well follow. It is a low type of spirituality and very cheap is the church service obtained when the church relation is determined by geographical reasons and children and wife are sent to the most convenient church. You had better go further, if by so doing you can find a more honest dealer in spiritual commodities.

"Crazes, Credulities and Christian Science," by Charles M. Oughton, M. D., published by E. H. Colegrove of Chicago, is the latest study that has come to us on this subject. It is written from a medical standpoint and deals clearly and popularly with the subject. That it deals fairly with it is not to be expected that the devotees of Mrs. Eddy will admit, but it is clear to our mind that it propounds questions and states facts which such devotees will do well to consider. Whatever of truth it may contain there is a suggestive parallelism between its rise and growth and such other mental uprising as is represented by the Crusades, the Flagellants, Witchcraft and other manifestations of contagious psychical excitements. The future student of our day will be called upon to account for the fact of the simultaneous appearance of Schlatter, Sweinfurth, Dowie and Mary Baker Eddy. These differ widely in message and method, but they hold much in common in fundamental postulate and metaphysical premises.

Professor Ira M. Price of the University of Chicago in his review of the second volume of Cheyne's Encyclopædia Biblica, says: "It is a register of the most advanced criticism of the day as set forth by Swiss, German, Dutch, French, British and American scholars. This is now the established theory of this work rather than that of setting forth the consensus of progressive scholarship on all topics that are of value and interest in the study of the scriptures." Is it fair to read between these lines a preference for the lower "average" to that of the highest "maximum?" Is it not safe to assume that in Bibical matters, as in others, the most advanced criticism is the nearest right and that the truth in any scientific subject lies beyond the latest discovery, not behind it? The doctrine of average opinions does not count much in the laboratory or in the library. One brave man's discovery or administration is worth a hundred surmises and conservative cautions.

The Dial, in its review of Professor John Rhys' interesting work on Celtic Folk Lore, Welsh and Manx, says, "Although Mr. Rhys began collecting folk lore more than twenty years ago, he has had cause to regret that he did not begin sooner. In many instances he could get only scraps of stories, which it took him years to learn how to piece together." If in England there is a sad waste of folk-lore what is to be said of the still sadder waste of definite history which goes on in every western town? Already the traditions of the pioneers are blurred and the community story, oftentimes more

strange than fiction, is even lost to the grandchildren of the brave pioneers who made the great west. John Ruskin in his "Fors Clavigera" said he would teach all children the story of five cities, i. e., Athens, Rome, Venice, Florence and London, to which we would certainly add the story of Jerusalem, and, for American children, of Boston and their own town, be it city, hamlet or county, and perhaps not the least inspiring and valuable of these eight studies is the last.

Mary Newbury Adams.

This name, intimately associated with whatever was progressive and humane in the life of Dubuque, the wider circle represented by the State of Iowa and throughout the country, particularly wherever national organizations representing women's activities and progressive ideas in religion, now represents an earthly life that is closed. On Monday evening, August 5, after a three months' struggle, the body succumbed to the inevitable law of decay. But the stopping of the heart only made more apparent to the ever widening circle of friends the inclusive and deathless quality of the heart that was in her.

As the wife of the lamented Austin Adams for so many years the noble Chief Justice of the State of Iowa, Mrs. Adams was one of the most widely known woman in the public life of Iowa, and as the daughter of Rev. Samuel Newbury, a devoted Presbyterian missionary of Indiana, she inherited an interest in religion and religious problems. With the growth of modern thought her conceptions of religious truth grew, but she never outgrew the old eternal verities that abide. So of course she was particularly interested in religious problems. She was a tireless and valiant supporter of such religious ideas and organizations as made for the wider fellowship. This made of her an early and generous supporter of the Free Religious Association, of the Congress of Religion, of Unity and the cause it stands for and any or all such organizations as seek to interpret religion in terms of this world's needs. She worshiped at the altar of the near sanctities.

Two years ago this summer Mrs. Adams spent some weeks at Tower Hill, where this memorial word is now being written. Her love for and familiarity with the Hebrew prophets displayed at this Summer School left a deep impression upon the present writer. The wide range of her religious sympathies here also found expression and exemplification. Her sympathies reached from the Catholic Church to the shrines of Confucius and Zoroaster. Not only in a theoretic way, but she practically realized the fellowship hereby indicated.

Mrs. Adams' name is familiar to many organizations, but the most interesting and permanent element in her life is represented by her individuality, the tireless personality that was instant in season and out of season, helping through hand and through head, encouraging by word and by deed, wooing the beautiful by help of poet and scientist. She has made the world more hospitable to the thinker, life more encouraging to the struggling.

Blessed is her memory!

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—Eds.

PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE.

Born, North Brookfield, Mass., 1868. Died 1899. Son of the Rev. Minot Judson Savage. Graduated at Harvard University. His "First Poems and Fragments" appeared in 1895, and was followed by "Poems" in 1898. His untimely death blighted the bright promise of a new and great poet.

Life.

IV.

At sunset in the college close the light
Falls like a benediction softly down;
Here is a moving stillness in the air,
Quiet, as though the now deserted east
Had laid its empty hand upon the lawns
And hushed the world; from out the glowing west
The sunlight settles on each tender leaf,
And entering in the gentle, empty cells
Calls through the hollow tubes; down to the earth
Trembles the peaceful summons; and the grass
Drinks in the sunset light, except where lie
Dark traceries of black upon the green,
Left mourning for the sun the while the tree
Laughs with its selfish seizure of the light!
This is the life of peace; but on the sky
The city in the distance casts a light
Brilliant and false, electric, publishing
Confusion and false day, nature betrayed,
And all the dark disguises of the town;
The frantic strivings after more, that choke
The holy fact of life, which single here
Sits at the heart and bids the rest be still.

XX.

Processional.

Beneath the rooftree of the dark,
Like Noah shut within the ark,
I welcome from the waste of night
The earliest olive-branch of light.

Like Jacob, I my load of sleep
Cast off and see the angels creep,
Processional in bright array,
Up the wide avenues of day;

See with Isaiah one who flies
From that high orient sacrifice,
Who, with a live coal in his hand,
Touches to voice th' unpurgèd land.

Then swift from hazel copse and brake
The voices, voices, voices wake,
In twilight woods, in choirèd bush,
Antiphonal to the sweet thrush.

Like rain across the eastern hill
The dropping harmonies distil,
Or run upon the roseate sky
In silver bars of melody.

The notes upon the chorded air
Vibrate in thrilling pulse of prayer,
And on my heart responses win,
The harp without, the harp within.

Each morning on the walls of night
Unfolds the oriflamme of light.
Each morning westward with the sun,
A tide of song, the voices run;

A hint of that clear day of gold
The dewy morn had aye foretold,
When these fresh voices shall prolong
An everlasting morning-song.

The Seventh General Meeting of the Congress of Religion.

Religion in the Home.

By Rev. Frank O. Hall, of Cambridge, Mass.

Friday Morning, June 28.

My subject this morning is "Religion in the Home." It is the general custom among the people of our time to relegate all religious instruction to the church and the Sunday school. Religion is no longer tolerated in the public schools, and in the vast majority of homes, even in what we call the best homes, it has a small place or no place at all. Mr. Moody, the evangelist, who possessed wide opportunities of observation, declared, several years before his death, that the family altar had been abolished, that practically religion no longer has a place in the American home. Even the time honored custom of asking a blessing at the table has been generally dispensed with except out of courtesy to some clergyman who happens to be present. Family prayers belong to the past era and, barring weddings and funerals, there are no religious ceremonies in the home and small attempt at religious instruction of the young. We enter upon the new century, therefore, with the home divorced from religion. We shall perhaps be able to find some reasons for this state of things, but for a moment let us simply face the situation. The Bible is no longer read in the home, prayers are no longer offered there, except as each individual may possibly pray in secret; the conversation is not directed toward spiritual things; the instruction of the Deuteronomist as to the eternal laws is no longer followed; "Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou risest up. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates." A stranger from a foreign land who should visit our country and study our domestic lives on only six days of the week might infer that we are a people without a religion, so divorced has religion become from every day except Sunday and every institution except the church. Such is the situation.

And this is strange when we remember that the home is really the birthplace of religion. The first idea of God was that of a household deity, the first priest was the father of the family, and the first temple was the home. This fact has survived to our own time in the name which is given to the head of the greatest church of Christendom—that is pappa, that is father. This title harks back to the time when the father was priest by virtue of his fatherhood. Today we make the celibate priest a father by virtue of his priesthood.

The fact of the absence of religion from the home is more surprising when we recall the place that it so recently held in the dwellings of our immediate ancestors. Our puritan forefathers never dreamed that religion belonged to the church alone. Many can still recall the large place which religion held in the homes of their childhood. They recall that in the grandfather's house every meal was prefaced by the saying of grace and every day initiated by reading from the Bible and by prayer. There was much cant connected with all this, no doubt. Many a man prayed loud and long by the hearthstone at seven o'clock and proceeded to cheat his neighbor at eight. The sketch in David Harum of the old deacon who had conscientious scruples about swapping horses on the Sabbath but was willing to get around this by a quibble was probably true to life, and David's commentary upon the transaction was justified: "Such a conscience is worth its weight in gold—just about." But I think that we have of late been magnifying the cant of the homely religion of our ancestors, and I am perfectly willing to leave it to the experience of men and women who had pious grandfathers and grandmothers as to whether the influence of this home religion, the prayers, the hymns and scripture reading, was not altogether salutary upon their lives. It is possible that our fathers made too much of religion in the home. It is certain that their descendants make too little.

How, then, does it happen that the descendants of men and women who gave such a large place in the home life to religion have fallen into the habit of giving no place at all?

The first reason is probably that we are in too much of a hurry to give much attention to religion. We live in an age of tremendous rush. Our lives are so full that much that was good in the lives of our ancestors has been crowded out of ours. What place is there for a season of quiet meditation and prayer in the economy of the average household? Think of the way in which the ordinary family commences the ordinary day. The father has been out the night before, to his club or his lodge, or possibly to attend to business; the mother has been out to her club or lodge, or perhaps both have been to the theater. So they retired late, exhausted, to snatch a few hours' rest, altogether too brief for the necessities of body and mind. The day dawns and first the mother arises to see that breakfast is properly prepared. A little later the man of the house appears with half an hour in which to dress, bolt his oatmeal and coffee and catch his car. If there is a moment to spare it is of immense importance that he plunge his face into the morning paper to study the condition of the market or possibly to learn how the ball game came out. In the midst of the breakfast the young man of the household appears with a headache from last night's diversions, not to say dissipations, for he, too, has been to some social function, and about the same time comes the young lady with a backache, gathered from a similar source. And each has something to attend to and that immediately. There is no time to waste, we may feel sure. When the busy housewife has these out of the way, come the boys and girls to be prepared for school. A hat must be found, a coat brushed, a dress mended and away they all go about the real and important business of life. So it goes all through the day, rush, hurry, scramble—and when evening arrives there are a hundred things to draw the members of the household away from the hearthstone. There is no leisure for family life. And as religion in the home is dependent upon a quiet quarter of an hour, when the family can be gathered to sit still for a little while, there is no place for religion. It has been crowded out of our lives.

Surely there is a better way to begin a day and to spend a day than this. Very much in the religion of our forefathers can never be brought back, and ought never to be brought back, but it would be a blessing if the old-fashioned family prayers could be revived, modified perhaps, to meet the need of our time.

There is no more beautiful picture than that of the old gradfather with his leather-covered Bible, soiled with much using, open upon his knee, wiping his silver-brimmed glasses on a bandanna handkerchief, while the members of the family, men, women, children and servants, if there are any, assemble quietly for family prayers. The reading may be awkward and tedious, the prayer very likely too long and ungrammatical, but by such a service many a life has been sweetened and many a heart lightened, many a soul strengthened against temptation by just such a homely service as that. The world needs religion in the home today as much as it ever did.

There is no more blessed influence in the lives of absent members of a household than the memory of the simple religious services of the old home. One may go to the ends of the earth or the depths of hell, but the memory of a father's prayers will follow him and ultimately do much to redeem him. Pity it is that our

homes should be so lacking, as we stand at the beginning of the new century, in this salutary influence.

Another reason why religious services, and especially religious instruction, are absent from the homes of the people is found in the fact that the people of our times are very largely adrift in their religious opinions and do not know what instruction to impart. Mothers have often come to me in great perplexity about this matter. They do not want their children to grow up without religious instruction, but they do not feel themselves in any way fitted to instruct them. What, for instance, are they to teach the children about God? The time comes when the child begins to ask questions about the origin of things. "Who made the flowers?" "Who made the stars?" "Who made me?" When the mother answers, "God made the flowers; God made you," the child wants to know about God. Where does he live? How large is he? What does he look like? "Now," says the mother, "I can not explain to a baby what seems to be a true idea of God or anything approximating it." How is one to make a child understand Mr. Spencer's "Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed," or Matthew Arnold's "Power that makes for righteousness"? How can a child comprehend "The life and light of all this wondrous world we see"? How is one to explain to a child that—

> "All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body nature is and God the soul"?

How can a child comprehend that? As well think of teaching a baby trigonometry. Say God to a child and he thinks of a big man. Teach him to say "Our Father" and he will make a God in the image of his father. Teach him that God lives above and he will make the heavens a floor. Tell him that God sees him and makes a record of his conduct and he will almost certainly do what the lad John Fiske did. "I remember distinctly," says Dr. Fiske in his monograph on the "Ideas of God," "the conception which I had formed when five years of age. I imagined a narrow office just over the zenith, with a tall standing desk running lengthwise, upon which lay open ledgers bound in coarse leather. There was no roof over this office and the walls rose scarcely five feet from the floor, so that a person standing at the desk could look out upon the whole world. There were two persons at the desk and one of them—a tall, slender man, of aquiline features, wearing spectacles, with a pen in his hand and another behind his ear—was God. The other, whose appearance I do not distinctly recall, was an attendant angel. Both were diligently watching the deeds of men and recording them in the ledgers."

Now this is a perfectly natural idea of God for a child, but certainly no one will contend that it even approaches the truth. How, then, is one to place before a child's mind anything like a true or noble conception of deity? The answer is that one can not. Then it is not wrong to teach anything? Are we honest with our chidren when we speak of God in such a way that boys and girls make of him a magnified man? Would it not be better to let the child's mind alone until it is able to comprehend the larger thought?

If the latest learning raises these questions, it also answers them. We have learned from the vast amount of child study which has been carried on within the past few years that the child in the process of its growth climbs, and is obliged to climb, over the very same path that the human race has traversed, only of course its progress is vastly more rapid and it may travel in a year a distance which it took the race many centuries to conquer. The child is at first a little animal and its thoughts, as far as it has any, are those of the animal. Then the child passes into the savage state and its thoughts are those of the lower order of human beings. From savagery to barbarism he goes and from barbarism to semi-civilization and thence to the full-grown man with capacity to comprehend the thought of the full-grown man. It is inevitable that the child should pass through these various stages that the human animal passed through in its evolution from the simple cell to the human being. And child study has revealed to us that the soul of the child develops just as the soul of the race has developed. And in neither case can one single step be omitted. One must pass through the process, not around it. To attempt to omit one step means disaster. That is a great lesson and has, I believe, larger meaning for parents, educators, religious teachers than any other discovery of the nineteenth century. Stanley Hall tells of a woman in my city who, having some tadpoles in her aquarium and becoming discouraged with the slowness of their evolution and thinking to expedite matters took her scissors and cut off their tails. It is hardly necessary to say that they never became frogs. But this woman was no more unreasonable than many parents, and her experiments were no more disastrous to the tadpoles than the forcing process of some parents is to their children. The person who tries to impose the thoughts of a full-grown man upon a child will fail—must fail—and it will be forunate if the child is not injured by the experiment. All that we can do is to assist the child's mind in the process of growth. One is not lying to a child when he says God, and tells him that God is above and that God is a father, even though he knows that the child's mind will translate all this immediately into something very different from the ideas in the mind of the adult. Let the child be taught, nevertheless. He will work the problem out through the years. Plant the germ and trust that it will grow. Nature will take care of that. It is not our business to plant a full-grown tree. Let the child think of God as a man—he must think of him thus or not at all. Just as the poor and small thought of God which is held by primitive peoples, while not our thought, is nevertheless of infinite value in shaping the lives of the people who hold it, so the poor little thought of God which a child harbors is of infinite value in shaping the moral and religious character of that child. Therefore we should talk to the children of God in language that the child can comprehend. Read him the story of God walking in a garden eating with Abraham, talking face to face with Moses. He will understand that even though you can not. This is the kind of God he believes in—must believe in—as it was necessary that the primitive people of our Bible must believe in that kind of God. Give the child time to grow and a chance to grow, and above all give him the privilege of *outgrowing*, imposing no idea upon his mind as infallible and too sacred to be outgrown—and he will come little by little to a comprehension of the large thought of Jesus that "God is spirit to be worshiped everywhere by the true believer in spirit and in truth."

Even our highest thought of God, large though it may seem to us, must be infinitely short of the reality. Mr. Emerson standing beside a student at Williams College, asked how many religious denominations there were in Williamstown, and without waiting for an answer said, "Thirty-five hundred people—thirty-five hundred religions." So each person has his own conception of God, no two are alike, and if all were added together the splendid reality would not be reached. "As the heavens are high above the earth, so are my thoughts higher than your thoughts and my ways than your ways," saith the Lord. But that does not make our thought of God false. It is only incomplete. To the extent of our ability we are thinking true thoughts. So with the child. It is foolish to rob him of a thought

of God fitted to his capacity because he cannot grasp a larger one. So we should teach the child of God, the good God, the God like his father and his mother; let him make what he can of this and trust that the idea will grow through the years into something better.

I find also that a great many parents are puzzled as to what to do about the Bible. The old thought of the Bible as the infallible word of God, inerrant in all parts, equally valuable in all parts, something imposed upon the mind, never to be questioned or doubted, is gone—happily gone forever from the majority of homes and churches. But the result of this is neglect of the Bible, so that in thousands upon thousands of homes it is never read, and in spite of all that the Sunday schools are doing, the present generation of children is largely growing up in ignorance of this literature which has had such a strong and beneficent influence upon the people of the past. But how shall one read the Bible or teach it to children? Many of the stories contained we do not believe, except in a metaphorical sense, and a child does not comprehend metaphors. You open the book and read of a serpent that talked, and you know that serpents can not talk and never could, and that there was never such a place as the Garden of Eden; that Adam and Eve never existed as they are represented in the book of Genesis. You read of a river turned into blood and a stick transformed into a snake, of another river stopped in its course and the water piled on either side like a wall, simply by the wave of a rod. What shall you do when the boy or girl reading these stories asks, "Are they true?" Are we not lying to our children when we read such stories to them and leave them to think that they are records of actual events?

I would not tell a child that such stories are true; neither would I tell him that they were not. Here is the way that Prof. Royce dealt with one of his sons, as he told in conversation a while ago. One little lad had been reading the Greek myths and was very much in love with them, but his older brother undertook to instruct him and enlighten his superstition. So one day the small boy came running to his father in great tribulation, saying that his brother had told him that these stories were lies. "Are they true?" he cried. "You have got to tell me whether they are true or not." Most of us would have made the mistake, I have no doubt, of telling him that they were not true, or, what would amount to the same thing, of trying to show him the inner spiritual meaning. Prof. Royce was wiser. "What do you think?" he asked. "Do they seem true to you?" "Yes," cried the lad, "they must be true, because they are so beautiful." "Well," said the father, "If you believe them they are true for you. I will look after the other fellow. You go on believing your stories." Now it seems to me that Prof. Royce was right. These mythical stories are true in a higher sense than the boy could comprehend. He must first accept them literally and by and by grow into the larger spiritual meaning. And he will have no difficulty about that as far as the Greek myths are concerned, because no one will think of telling him that it is wicked to doubt them or to question their historic veracity. If some one attempted to impose these stories upon his mind as infallible, then better that he should never read them at all. But where the mind is free to outgrow it is healthy and right and normal that it should pass through the stage where such stories seem reasonable and beautiful.

So with the stories of our Bible. It is true that a stick turned into a snake. God is always turning sticks into snakes and butterflies and flowers, though he does take longer to do it than the Mosaic account would lead us to think. And many a man has smitten a river with the thought of his brain and the skill of his hand and made it stand as a wall while he passed over dry shod. Every child lives in a region of fairy story. He will not comprehend your highest interpretations or your spiritual philosophy. Let him live in his own world until he is fitted to inhabit another. He will burst the old shell when nature speaks the word. The very fact that our Old Testament stories were fitted to the child age of the human race proves that they are fitted to the child age of our boys and girls. Our Bible is the child's religious story book and should be used for the child like a story book and not like arithmetic or grammar. He will grow to read the book aright when the time comes if no man-made theory about the book is imposed upon his mind. Let the book stand for what it is. Do not tell him that it is infallible or that there are no mistakes in it. Never dream of telling him that everything in this book must be taken as literal history. But above all do not let the child grow up in ignorance of this great literature of religion without a knowledge of which it is impossible to comprehend either the religion or the literature of his day.

Another great truth into which we have been privileged to enter is this: We know today that in the development of the human mind certain faculties appear with startling suddenness. For instance, as Prof. Wm. James points out, a boy will have no interest in drawing up to a certain time and then will come a period when he will draw all day long and can think of nothing else. In the development of the mind the faculty which takes note of form has blossomed. Now is the time to cultivate it. This is the exact moment. It will never come again.

So there comes a time when the religious faculties blossom and it is at that exact moment when wise direction should be given. This happens, as has been pointed out, at the period of adolescence, when selfishness begins to give place to altruism, when the boy's life begins to adjust itself in a wonderful way to the love of one woman, and the girl's life adjusts itself to the love of one man. It is the period when young men and women see visions and dream dreams, and think of life in a way they have never thought of before; when they look up into the sky and seek to solve the mystery of the universe of life. O holy period when the child passes into manhood or womanhood! Now is the time when a noble ideal should be held before the mind. Now is the time when a sneer or a scoff may blight the budding spiritual life. Woe unto the parent who sneers and scoffs! Woe unto the parents who neglect this momentous period! Looking toward this sacred season of the soul's blossoming, every father should be a priest, every mother a priestess, every home a temple of the living God, that the child may under pure and ennobling influences advance in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and men and come to know himself as a Son of God.

ADDRESS OF REV. WILLIAM C. GANNETT OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The President: We have still time before adjournmen. Mr. Gannett, will you not talk to these good people on this subject?

Very gladly, Mr. President, will I speak on this theme; very gladly, I should think, would any father who loves the things of the soul, and who loves his little children, come and speak on this theme. I have only had two of the children,—some of you may have ten,—so my experience is not as wide as might be. On the other hand, I am at advantage in that my two have come to me farther along in life than is usual, when I may be wiser to meet them, to become a part of them, and invite them to be a part of me, than I would have been thirty years ago. I speak, too, with dear memories of old times in my childhood like those to

which Mr. Hall referred. My experience, such as it is, then, gives me this,—I do not believe it is half as hard as the father and mother usually think to bring the child to a large, tender, spiritual thought of religion, whether it be of such mere outside things as some view of the Bible stories, or the deep, transcendencies of the soul's life.

Just one moment about the Bible stories. Prof. Royce is a very wise man. But I should not have dared to be so short with my child as Prof. Royce was with his, when the little fellow came with his soul all a-tremble about the truth of those stories that had been lying inside of him, mingling with his prayers. I should have been longer and also franker. One trouble, Mr. Hall, is that all the old stories and myths of the Bible are *not* beautiful. The child will come with his beautiful stories and want them all true; but presently he will light on some horrible story, and he will want to know,—"Is *that* true, papa? Was God so mean?" And then are you going to say, "Run away?" I think it is better to take that little child on the knee at your first opportunity, when he comes all alive for your answer. Of the beautiful story say frankly, "No, dear, that is what people used to think true; but we do not think quite that sort of thing now." Take the time, do not be in a hurry,—this is the sacred hour that God has dropped right on you, and you are to stop in your business for it,—then and there open the inner meaning to him: "Was not that true and beautiful? Well, they used to think this in that shape, and tell the story as if it were true of this or that god; we do not talk that way now, but we believe the meaning still." "Why, yes, papa, I see." And the little fellow will jump down and go off with a new vision in his mind; go with an opening idea that will henceforth begin to answer his own questions, and make him know what to say when his big brother bullies him with the word "lie" of his beautiful stories. What is more, he will know part of what to say to himself when the next bad story comes up in the Bible. Tell him early the difference between the fairy story and the true story, and that there are lots of stories in the Bible very much like the fairy story. Let the little fellow by the time he is six or eight years old begin to recognize the difference between legend and historic fact. They will catch the idea very early, very quickly, very easily from a wise parent's word. So much for that.

Now about the thought of God, the thought of God which you and I would wish to give to our child.

It is perfectly true, I take it, that the little child goes through in an hour's, a day's, a year's experience the experience which the race has gone through, taking the centuries for it. But what was the primitive man's thought of his God? Very personal, very individualized, highly colored, strongly rimmed in figure and outline. All true; but Nature was also vaguely full of Deity. There was a transcendental element in the mind of the primitive man from the beginning. What was the earliest religion of the Vedas, for instance? Was it a great, vague thought of God; or was it belief in the personalized, individualized deities? The truth probably is that both thoughts were there from the beginning. And that father has not looked into the depths of his child's soul who does not recognize that it, like the race, is a little transcendentalist as well as a literalist. Why, you can draw from the little fellow six or eight years old the heart of the Emerson philosophy. Have you never done it, and been awed before the revelation which the child's soul makes to you, the father?

Take an older age, but still of the child. To the confirmation class in our church at Rochester, children are invited at about the age of fifteen or sixteen. When we open together the great questions, I usually begin by finding out where they already are in their thought,—partly to let them know themselves where they are. "What is your thought of God?" "What is your idea of the Bible?" and so on, I ask of each one in turn, and usually take down quickly the pith of their answers. Splendid answers they often are, deep insights again and again. Boys and girls from the playground and the party gather there for a quiet two hours with me, saying great things. Where did they get them? A little from their father and mother,—O, it ought to have been more! A little from the Sunday-school,—a pity not more. Largely, most largely, right from their own common sense, their own souls, and their own gaze already upon life. It is primitive, it is incomplete, it is mixed with much ignorance, but it is deep.

But I am not to talk of children of fifteen or sixteen, only about little children in the home. They are little transcendentalists, I say, as well as literalists and dramatists. If there are fathers and mothers in our parishes who do not know this, go home and tell them, brother ministers, that they can say the tenderest, I was going to say the largest and most spiritual, thought of God to the child, and he will take it in and blend it in his own way with his literalism. He will take in the *two* ideas, and God and he together will look out for the blending. We need not be afraid to give the largest thought; nay, we owe it.

A mother told me she was pierced one time by the question of her child,—"Mother, where is God?" The little fellow was five or six years old, I suppose. The mother hesitated for an instant, and then,—on the spur of the inspiration, shall we say,—answered: "God is wherever there is anything good or beautiful." "Why, then, mother, God is in *me*," was the child's instant response. There you have it. It was a mother's true answer, and a large, spiritual thought of the God; and the child saw and appreciated, and, knowing that there was something beautiful in his own soul, knew that the God was in him. Now let him have, besides this, his John Fiske's child-thought of God, "the old man with the spectacles," as he will have it, that or the like; he will put the two together, and the years will somehow adjust them.

Another thing,—let the father and mother remember that they in the home represent the living God in the world, to the mind of their little child. Let them with awe accept this function, which they cannot escape if they would. Within the child's horizon let them *be* the all-tenderness, *be* the all-goodness. So shall the little fellow think of God, of his parents, of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln all together, and not be quite sure for a while which is which. But meanwhile, and thereby, will be growing within him the thought of the living and loving God.

One word more, if I may. In the conditions of life today, which Mr. Hall described, when old ways have dropped off, and we are not going back under any circumstances to the reading of the Bible as we read it two generations ago, what shall we do?

Well, at the tenderest time in your child's life, and that is when you have married your girl or your boy to some strange boy or girl; when if there is goodness, it is at the front now,—if any tenderness, any spirituality, it is at the front now,—*use that time*. Tell the two, as they make their new home together, to begin it with prayer. If they say, "We do not know how," never mind, tell them, "Begin it with prayer." And then show them how. "When you come down stairs in the morning, if you cannot thank God together up stairs, use one of the little 'Daily Strength' books." Their name is legion today, and they show that the world is going to provide substitutes for the old Bible. Give one to them for a wedding-gift perhaps, and ask them to begin the new life together with the

new habit. The page will only take five or six minutes. Then tell them to bow their heads, without a word, for a minute. Those two are in the tender moment of first loving; those two have come out of the holy sleep; those two are facing together the new day; those two are hoping for blessings beyond, of the children. Is the man's thought hurrying down to his business? All the more, all the more, then, let him pause,—pause with her and with God, she with him and with God,—for that quiet moment. And when the little ones do come, and grow to be four or five years old, and gather around our knees at that breakfast-hour, another of the inspiration-seasons, God's opportunities, is ours. As water running down the hill, we can guide our children's souls then and there, through the habit of those holy four or five minutes, into the thought of God in their homes, of God in their day, of God in their life. It is not such a hard thing as we make it. The hour is nearer than most of us think, when hard business-men and careless society-mothers, led by the wiser fathers and tenderer and more religious mothers, and helped perhaps by their minister, will come to feel that there are real ways in which they and their children can look upward and inward together and find God.

Higher Living. XV.

A knowledge of the way in which faculties are evolved, impressions organized, moral and scientific intuitions formed, habits established, and the structure no less than the furniture of the mind receives its individual character from the silent and incessant modifications of experience, will make parents and teachers keenly alive to the incalculable importance of the conditions under which the early years of the child are passed. —*G. H. Lewes.*

There is nothing like fun, is there? I haven't any myself, but I do like it in others. We need all the counterweights we can muster to balance the sad relations of life. —*Halburtone.*

The future humanity lies more in woman than in man, and the child is full of its prophecy. —*Chamberlain.*

It is the mission of the artist to rend the veil of accidents and accessories in which the ideal is shrouded and present it to us in all its beauty and loveliness. And the beauty reflected therefrom lights up the folds and inner caverns of our souls, and reveals therein a recognition of this ideal; and reflected from our inmost soul is the image of Him from whom we came and who is our home—His image and a pale reflex of the splendor of His glory, on beholding which reflection we are moved; our souls are stirred to their very center; a yearning takes possession of us—a longing for the Home whence we came—a groping after the invisible Ideal—and we feel our souls vibrate beneath the touch of the infinite. —*Brother Azarias.*

The word that is new to many households and if interest to all is "Kindergarten." Yet no word is more frequently misunderstood both as to meaning and application. Like all really significant names, it grew out of wide experience and a great need. For many years Friedrich Froebel had been studying and thinking about child-nature and its cultural necessities, and had been trying to put his conclusions into practice. But only as he was leisurely tramping over his neighborhood hills one beautiful morning did the name *Kindergarten* come to mind. "Eureka," cried he to himself, and child-garden, a place where little ones could be pleasantly included and cultivated, became the dominant idea of his mind forever after.

As Froebel conceived it, the kindergarten was to be, not a public affair at all, as we know it, but a place where properly trained mothers should have the care of their own children, as well as others, when needed, and because of this training should be able to so direct children's natural and ordinary spontaneities that even their play would be made to contribute very largely to their proper education, and this from the very first weeks of infant life. As he conceived it, the kindergarten was to be thus a strictly home and neighborhood affair, and in no sense a mere public substitute for this. He had found the mother of his day to be quite strictly limited in her notion of child-knowledge and of child-culture, both by long revered customs and by her instinctive promptings. In no way, however, did he attempt to supersede the parental instinct and all the good that belongs to it. On the contrary, he simply affirmed that this should be supplemented by intelligence—by a training which should enable the humblest mother to properly observe and understand her children, and to wisely make use of the knowledge thus gained, for their benefit. Hence his writings all sought to make broadly intelligent what had before remained but narrowly instinctive and conventional, and probably there is no series of books to-day of more universal value to both mothers and fathers than his "Education of Man" and his so-called "Mother-plays," especially if these are helpfully elucidated by someone well read in modern psychology. Moreover, no matter what changes a scientific investigation may eventually require in detail, it will long remain that Froebel and his writings will stand high in the pedagogical Pantheon, if for no other reason than for the good sense, deep knowledge of child-nature, and wholesome uplifting of spirit which everywhere pervade them.

Yet how misunderstood they are, and how widely this is the fact, can be appreciated only by the one who endeavors to make them properly known. Everywhere have they now been heard of, and almost everywhere has some attempt to "have a kindergarten" already been made. And yet, the country over, there is still a wide distrust of its methods, and a feeling that its underlying principles are too theoretical to admit of useful application, except, possibly, where the children of the very poor are concerned. Altogether too frequently, also, this distrust is but a reactional result of the endeavors of certain misunderstood enthusiasts to prematurely force the novelty upon the community; or, if not this, then of a so-called kindergarten which has been thus instituted and placed in the hands of a totally incompetent director.

No community should attempt seriously to institute a kindergarten until it shall have taken pains to become at least superficially, and yet not inaccurately, informed. For this purpose a whole year of lectures, readings and discussions could be profitably engaged in. Nor should there ever be employed for director any one of the self-styled kindergartners, who, neither by natural adaptability to the field, nor by adequate training for its responsibilities, are fit for so confidential a post. The real difficulty in many communities is, that they have thus been already so indiscreetly "mussed over" by ignorant reformers, and by incompetent directors, that it is no wonder at all that the very name of kindergarten is unsavory, and will remain so until intelligence and skill shall reveal its true meaning and use.

For, unquestionably, the fundamental kindergarten ideas, namely: accurate observation and knowledge of the child; culture founded upon and adapted to his own nature, instead of being derived from adult introspections and conclusions, together with requisite means to best help on to symmetrical child-growth—all these are so valuable that no home can afford to remain in ignorance of them, or to ignore their proper application to its children's needs. As Froebel intended it, let it be made most nearly universal in the home, rather than the public school—in every home, that of the rich, as well as the poor, of the wise as well as the ignorant, of the good as well as the bad. To this end, every home should be a practice-place where the Mother-play principles are worked out, through such simple means, as every home readily furnishes. For, as a matter of fact, the so-called "gifts and occupations" of Froebel are but technical suggestions of what any ingenious mother can find in her home and use in most strictly Froebellian fashion. There is just as mue true kindergarten principle involved in directing little ones so that they

kill use a jack-nife aright, or little girls so that they will properly make mud pies, as there is in the handling of cubes, mats, and balls,—just as much in making paper dolls or go-carts as in pasting calendars or building geometrical forms. All that is needed is, that the mother herself shall be intelligent, thoughtful, and have a love for her children's prosperity. Then the bit of handy ribbon, the selecting of new garments, the plants in the garden, or window, the pets of the household, the ordinary round and multi-various duties, will all prove to be happy offerings, for her kindergarten genius. And if she can extend her blessings to some of her neighborhood children as well as her own, so much the better. For, one very fundamental notion of Froebel's, one that modern pedagogy fully substantiates, was, that the child's social nature is to be always carefully considered and provided for. And so, the more children the instructed mother can interest herself in, the better will it eventually be, for her own little ones.

But I hear the modern mother's cry, "Who has time for all this? Am I to be a slave to my own, or anybody's, children? Have I no rights of mine own?"

Yes, you have the right to produce the noblest work of art that mankind has ever known—one that will outdo even Phydias and all his noble grace of form and color—one that may be as vitally perfect in function as it is perfect in outline, and feature, and development —a more and more perfect image of the Divine, even nothing less than a noble temple for the spirit of God. Will you be this master artist?

Yes, you may serve the best cause this world has ever known—the cause of Him who suffered little children—the cause of the little children, who are the spiritual incarnations of heaven itself. If this be slavery, then you may be this noble slave, who, like Epictetus, shall ennoble every thought and deed of humanity —a slave to the best mastership yet discovered—the royal prerogative of the King's own. Will you be this servant, this slave?

Yes, you have time—adequate time for all this service, this artistic triumph. But a fraction saved from social, church, personal and miscellaneous enjoyments, will suffice for it all. One single hour a day, intelligently used, may be all-sufficient to revolutionize your home and yourself as well; sufficient to assure your child that confidential companionship, that instinctive direction, that sympathetic, as well as scientific, insight, that devotion of mind and heart, which, as the sun upon the spring snows, will disperse every obstruction, and, as the warm dews of the summer, will feed the upspringing child-flower. But simply feel the desirability of this: on your knees cleanse your heart from selfish interferences; and then, with every opportunity, learn the more, self-discipline the more, and do the more; eventually your heart will rejoice in the work done; your children will rise up and call you blessed, and the world, looking on, will follow after.

SMITH BAKER.

You can't isolate yourself and say that the evil in you shall not spread. Men's lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air we breathe. Evil spreads as necessarily as disease. Every sin brings suffering to others besides those who commit it.—*George Eliot.*

Our duty is to be useful, not according to our desires, but according to our powers.

Self-interest is but the survival of the animal in us. Humanity only begins for man with self-surrender.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Book Notes.

At last we have on the table a couple of volumes discussing birds in a free, every-day manner; with the scientific elucidation left out. There have been so many bird books lately in which the "ology" overlaid the every day home knowledge, that we are glad to get a talk with a man who sees things as we do. The two volumes before us are by Charles Conrad Abbott, and are entitled "Bird-Land Echoes." Mr. Abbott begins by declaring his love for all birds, and it is evident after you have read a few pages that he writes from the standpoint of affection. It will be impossible to find a better guide for the study of birds about home. Mr. Abbott will go with us in our rambles in the field, and he will teach us how to enter into sympathy with the birds who are at work in our back yards. Published by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"The Second Book of Birds," by Olive Thorne Miller, discusses birds in families, and is one of the best hand-books I have ever seen. The illustrations are perfect. It is full of sympathy and common sense, as well as information. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price, $1.00 net.

Readers of UNITY will remember that little book, "Evolution of Immortality," by Dr. C. T. Stockwell—the most remarkable book ever published, discussing immortality from a scientific standpoint. We have now, from the same author, another volume, entitled "New Modes of Thought." I need not say to any reader of UNITY that here is a volume that he should possess. Read the chapter, "Begotten, Not Created," and you will thank the critic for calling your attention to this book. It is a series of papers discussing theological science, or scientific theology; and, as the author frankly confesses, based upon the "New Materialism and the New Pantheism." The book includes a tribute to Edward D. Cope, and the dedication is to that most remarkable thinker and scientist. I should like to review the book at length. Published by James H. West & Co., Boston. Price, $1.00.

"Our Heredity from God" has just reached its fifth edition—somewhat revised, and including a portrait of the author. The object of this book is to make evolution coherent to the average reader. It is a result of the most earnest and, at first, painful struggle to find deliverance from the chaos left by the wreck of supernaturalism in his own mind. Born and nurtured in Calvanism, he had reached its natural outcome in a shocked sensibility—in the face of its dire failure to explain the universe, to apologize for God, or to save mankind. He took up the study of Darwinism, and general evolution, simply to listen and heed the truth when found; and he adds that he "rests peacefully in the conviction that the end of the study is the embrace of God." The author is in constant receipt of letters, expressing gratitude for the help received by those who were crushed by the old theology, and were miserably seeking an escape from its terrors.

If anyone is seeking a book that will give them the most complete information on town and city improvement—discussing the municipal problems in that direction—let them get a recent volume written by Charles Mulford Robinson, entitled "The Improvement of Towns and Cities;" published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, $1.25. Every chapter of this book is packed with information and help. The object is to aid in the evolution of the beautiful modern city. Up to date we are still living in medieval towns—with narrow streets, smoke, noise and a notable lack of both æsthetics and hygiene. It is a marvelously readable book.

E. P. P.

Minor Notices.

A series of meditations on the Ethical and Psychical Relation of Spirit to the Human Organism, by Erastus C. Gaffield. Edited by J. C. Grumbine. Published by the Order of the White Rose, Syracuse, N. Y. 1900. Price $1.50.

Among the topics which are supposed to be discussed in the various chapters of this book, may be noted "The Principle of Man on Entrance into the Physical Body", "Spiritual Vibrations", "Aspirations", "Harmony", "How to Reach the Heights". The editor remarks that it is a collection of inspirations, which may be taken as a not altogether inadequate characterization of the contents. Certainly they do not possess the essential marks of poetry, science, rational religion or philosophy. To those that delight in the so-called metaphysical and occult which, if this is a symptom, is the legitimate offspring of confusion and obscurity, this very beautifully printed and bound book may afford some moments of pleasure.

Let There Be Light, by David Lubin. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. 1901. Pp. 526.

It is difficult to review a book of this character and style with anything like satisfaction to the author, the possible reader of the review, or the reviewer. A summary of the contents is made impracticable by the plan and the form in which the author has seen fit to publish his views. The book is represented to be the history of a supposed club of workingmen who organized for the purpose of studying and discussing with what thoroughness and freedom they were capable, certain familiar defects and evils of the economic and social order in which they lived and toiled. They aimed first to determine the primary causes of poverty and social inequality, of the largely fictitious standards which obtain in social classification, and then to grasp clearly and in conformity with the truth of things that ideal or principle of society, which, if actually realized in the thought and conduct of all men, would positively ameliorate and correct the imperfections and unjust relations of both the economic and social system. The club is quite cosmopolitan and the individual members are as different in faith and preconception as they are in nationality. Judaism has its representative in the person of a Jew who is made to resemble in many respects the philosophic Spinoza. Roman Catholicism gets itself expressed in a somewhat versatile Italian, while Protestantism is presented in several aspects by a disciple of Luther, a follower of Calvin, an Afro-American interpreter of Baptism and in an ultra-modern Agnostic with his rather crude mixture of history, science and uncritical metaphysics. Consequently, every question that is considered by the club, is dealt with from half a dozen quite distinctive and peculiar angles of vision and belief. But precisely here lies the weakness of the book. The attempt to expound the doctrines and to convey the essential spirit and temper of several systems of schools of thought and faith has not been carried out with the degree of success which is necessary in order to persuade readers of the truth of the position advanced and defended by the author. The several presentations, save possibly that of the president, the expounder of the central ideal and doctrine of the work, exhibit marked discrepancies in the letter and the spirit, and do not possess the thoroughness and consistency which such expositions demand. The unique and distinctive temper, the altogether peculiar mingling of light and shade and colors, of the different systems of doctrine, which figure prominently in the pages, have not been adequately conveyed, however sufficient the author's grasp of them may be.

The whole tendency of the discussions is to show that almost all the ills of the industrial and social world are fundamentally due to radical defects of the prevalent religious systems or theologies. Hence the end is finally defined as the search for the true and absolute religion. After a somewhat negative and destructive phase the discussions become ever more constructive and synthetic, culminating in an interesting and suggestive sketch by the Jew of the principles of the true religion, of the plan, which is probably the best thing in the book, of its earthly temple, the visible church. There are also intimated some of the more important effects which such a high and fine conception is bound to bring forth in its practical applicaton to all aspects and relations of life. Of course the ultimate upshot of it all is the establishment of a new social order with a more nearly perfect economic *regime*. The concluding chapters aim to point out the method of proclaiming and perpetuating the belief and ideal which the club finally formulates as a whole; for it needs scarcely be said that all the members are early converted to the essential thought and faith of the president, the brilliant idealistic Jew.

There is much in the book that is worthy of careful consideration, though the truth stated is not novel or the position attained startling to the reader who is acquainted with the movement of modern religious thought. It is not altogether fortunate in the opinion of the present writer that the author has adopted in the publication of his important thoughts this unattractive form which has the disadvantage of presenting much that is neither instructive nor valuable, and of tending to confuse rather than clarify the mind of the reader. The Open Court Publishing Company is certainly doing a work that is second to none of the missionary institutions of the age in propagating philosophical and religious literature of the highest character at a price that is almost nominal. In their series of Philosophical Classics they have very recently reprinted Hume's "Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding" together with Hume's Autobiography and Letter from Adam Smith to William Strahan, which furnish about all that is needed to make the biography of Hume complete. The portrait of Hume by Ramsey is given as the frontispiece. The make-up of the volume is artistic, the paper is of a fine quality, the type is large and clear and the binding is the most desirable in an inexpensive copy. The Enquiry is not annotated, but is furnished with a good index. The price, 25 cents, is such that a copy of the work should be found in quite every library public and private. A rather curious slip occurs on the title-page where 1877 appears for 1777, and the same error is repeated in the note to the author's advertisement, page xxviii. G. R. P.

The Poorest Poor.

They are poor
That have lost nothing; they are poorer far
Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor
Of all who lose and wish they might forget.
For life is one, and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
Where there are somber colors. It is true
That we have wept. But O, this thread of gold,
We would not have it tarnish; let us turn
Oft and look back upon the wondrous web,
And when it shineth sometimes we shall know
That memory is possession. —*Jean Ingelow.*

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Theology can never fill
A mouth that asks for bread.

MON.—There is gaining that is losing
In life's allotted span.

TUES.—Whoso has his pride at its best
Lacks neither sword nor shield.

WED.—The souls that are noblest and truest are the quickest bewildered and drowned.

THURS.—A birth-right fair is each man's claim,
Live and let live as well.

FRI.—No golden reckoning do we keep
To measure merit by the dollar.

SAT.—With the right of a man to live as a man once more to us restored.
The meed of the earth and the fruits thereof for those who do and dare.

—*Ernest McGaffey.*

A Knight of the Hobby-Horse.

He rode away with flashing eyes
To fight in distant lands;
His charger was a coal-black steed,
His sword was in his hands.
"I may be gone a hundred years,"
He said, "and so, farewell!
The papers I shall send to you
My valiant deeds will tell."

His mother waved a last good-by
And sped him on his way.
"When you come back to me," she cried,
"'Twill be a happy day!"

He rode across the nursery,
And through the garret dim.
Then paused to view the country round,
Beyond the window's rim.
The day was warm, he'd journeyed far;
He said, "I'll rest a while.
And then again my steed and I
Will ride full many a mile."

They found him there as night came on,
His flashing eyes were closed;
With arms around his charger's neck
The warrior reposed.—*Youth's Companion.*

When Ole Bull Showed His Colors.

Although Ole Bull, the violinist, crossed the ocean many times, he made it a strict rule never to play at the "charity concerts," always a feature of the Atlantic voyages. He made one exception, however, and that exception was recalled with keenest interest by an old resident of New Orleans in conversation with a representative of the *Times-Democrat*.

The incident occurred in 1873 on the steamer City of Chester, which had on board, among other notable passengers, Ole Bull, Chief Justice Waite and Professor Anderson, afterward minister to Denmark. The steamer concert was proposed, and, as usual, Ole Bull declined to take part. The passengers were deeply disappointed, and at this crisis Professor Anderson came to the rescue.

"There is one way, and one only," he said, "in which our man may be caught. A fund is being raised at present to erect a statue to Leif Ericsson, the Norseman, at Madison, Wisconsin, where I live. Ole Bull is intensely patriotic, and if we made a written statement to him that the proceeds of the concert were to be contributed to do this honor to his immortal fellow countryman, I am sure he would consent to play."

The suggestion was greeted with applause, and Chief Justice Waite prepared the memorial, which was a most ingenious and elaborate document. Duly signed by all the passengers, it was presented to Ole Bull, and when he saw the purport of the paper his face lighted up with pleasure, and he declared immediately that he would play.

He was as good as his word, and although I have heard him many times, I never heard him in such wonderful form and spirits. He responded to encore after encore, until at last the captain, who was a typical Englishman, rose in the audience and asked him to play "God Save the Queen."

Now Ole Bull was a violent republican, and had little respect for monarchical institutions of any kind. However, he bowed courteously and whispered to me: "You heard me promise to play 'God Save the Queen.' Now wait till I come to that." Finally it was reached and, true to his promise, he gave the British anthem, but without spirit or color.

Instantly upon its conclusion he swept into the stirring strains of "Hail, Columbia," and played with magnificent dash and fire. Then, with no stop, he passed to the Norwegian "Hymn of Liberty," a most thrillingly patriotic composition. The manner in which he rendered it was simply electrifying. Then, as he finished, he caught my eye and smiled. He had buried "God Save the Queen" so deep that nobody remembered that it had been played.—*Youth's Companion.*

How the Apples Were Sold.

The Washington *Post* declares that half the members of the house of representatives busied themselves during a leisure hour over the following problem given them by Representative Loudenslager of New Jersey:

A man who had three sons called them together and told them he proposed to make a disposition of his property. He said that he had one hundred and fifty apples, of which he would give fifteen to his youngest son, fifty to his second son, and eighty-five to his eldest son.

"Now," he said, "I want you to go out and sell these apples at the same price, and yet each of you bring me the same amount of money, and the eldest must fix the price."

When the congressmen heard this problem they laughed, as if they were being imposed upon.

"It cannot be done," said one.

"Is it a sell?" asked another.

"Nothing but the sell of the apples," replied Mr. Loudenslager.

With this assurance the statesmen began to work. For quarter of an hour they figured, and then they gave it up, as the children say.

"Well," said Mr. Loudenslager, "the boys went out on the street, and the youngest son met a man who asked him what he would sell his apples for.

"'You must go to my oldest brother,' said the boy, and the man did as he was told.

"'I will sell you my apples for one cent a dozen,' said the eldest brother. So he sold eighty-four of his apples for seven cents, and had one apple left, while the youngest boy sold twelve of his apples for one cent and had three remaining.

"It was then very easy to comply with their father's requirements. The eldest son fixed a price of three cents apiece for each of the apples left over. He sold his remaining one for three cents and had ten cents; the second boy sold four dozen of his fifty apples for four cents, and the remaining two at three cents each, and had also ten cents; while the youngest brother sold his remaining three apples for nine cents, which, added to the one he already had, gave him ten cents.

"So the three boys complied with their father's conditions, and each carried home the same amount of money."—*Youth's Companion.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Ruskin at Tower Hill Summer-School.

Tower Hill rejoices in the lowered temperature that brings comfortable days and cool nights, and the smiling radiance that clothes once more the face of the earth. The primrose, the spurge and the milkweed spring into pretty blossoming and the arid places show something of gracious bloom.

Meanwhile, neither hot weather nor drouth diminishes the energy of the Tower Hill Summer School, which wends its way along in unremitting and interesting fashion. It is now on the fourth week of its session, and, under the leadership of Mr. Jones, is taking up the study of John Ruskin's "Fors Clavigera."

It is to be remembered and emphasized that this summer school in the heart of the hill country is no institution of pedagogic formulas; it is rather a place inclosing unlimited opportunities and possibilities for those who are ready to accept them. There are bird talks and bird walks under the leadership of Professor Libby in which the life of the birds, their variety, their call, their song and the fine details pertaining to each species are distinctly and definitely outlined. As an aid to the teachers this is invaluable as a nature study.

Again, Professor Buckley, of the University of Wisconsin, has a fund of geologic lore for the student who is interested in that line of work. And these two departments of specific study alone are rich and abundant enough to justify a sojourn in Tower Hill.

To the literary student the name of Ruskin is ever a conjuring one, and has but to be conjoined with that of a powerful interpretative leader to attract with talismanic force. And so we gather in a goodly number on the first day of the session to begin the work of the week. And what is the task before us? To study, in brief, the first twenty-four of this remarkable series of letters, addressed to workmen and laborers. These were written at the leisurely rate of one a month for about eight years and, in their entirety, are ninety-six in number. They cover in subject matter the vital problems of life and of the day.

The shadow of the Franco-Prussian war hovered upon the land and obscured the glory of the day to him who was keenly alive to mortal distress. So into an atmosphere colored with the agony of nations the first letter leads us. From this point it might seem an easy matter to take up and cover the questions that spring forth abundantly from pages filled with inexhaustible material, and just here the charm and skill of good literary leadership comes in. For, instead of being dragged through a maze of extended sentences, or overloaded to the point of strain, we are led by dexterity of suggestion and happy selective illustration to the point where the illuminating touch, the kindling word, the high light upon the situation, reveal the picture. Thus, by an invisible road, we come to see that which lies between, as well as on the lines, and are interpenetrated with the keen sense of the spirit that guides the pen.

The problems of thirty years ago are many of them the problems of today. The land question, the over-population of cities, beneficent methods of charity, proper sanitation, education and right living in all its phases are still here to be reckoned with, and in confronting the searching thoughts of John Ruskin in regard to these things we are constrained to note that by divergent paths Thomas Carlyle, Tolstoi, William Morris and Ruskin have been fellow travelers on the same road.

It is not to be imagined that these letters deal solely with material problems. On the contrary, classical allusions, word pictures of an exquisite quality, permeated with a wit as keen as that of a scalpel, decorate and enliven the undertones of gravity, and make up a style of writing altogether inimitable. Further, choice bits of autobiography give graphic touches to the pictures of the early life of the writer and enlighten us as to the methods of training in the home.

All these things are presented to us as we assemble each morning and pass in rather rapid review over the chapters belonging to the study of the day. And in the choice selective bits of reading, and the words that accompany and explain them, we have always as much to take away as we can absorb and assimilate.

Again, it is impressed upon us that the object of our coming together is not to prove or disprove the philosophy, or possible system, of John Ruskin, but to find out the essential qualities of the man himself. And in the final summing up the conclusion is reached that in this thoroughly human embodiment a strange combination of fundamental forces is presented, allying him to the best that have lived and wrought for the races of men. In him appears the inspirational quality of the prophet with the vision that descries the permanent over and above the transient; also the renunciatory spirit of the philanthropist that yields up worldly goods for the well being of others, together with the delicate feeling of the artist for the harmonies of life, proper adjustments, fine observances, and the like. Nevertheless, he agonizes and is disturbed to the point of unrest by the misery about him, and so by virtue of his wrestling with high thoughts upon the problems of life he comes to stand (we are told) as a "transitional philosopher" on the border between the old and the new time. Further, he is an economist (political or social) practical enough to advocate the reform of evil by reaching its source, and, as far as in him lies, to stand as a reconciling factor between the high and the low, the rich and the poor.

The qualities of a preacher appear in him by reason of an exquisite ethical sense, fervor of utterance, fearlessness, and integrity of conscience, and those of a scholar in consequence of favoring environment, rare educational opportunities and rich natural endowments.

This is the revelation the Ruskin week has brought, the days of which we would part with reluctantly, were it not for the fact that we bear away from it a rich and inalienable possession.

ANNE B. MITCHELL.

August 10, 1901.

Correspondence.

SEASIDE INN, SEAL HARBOR, ME., August 8, 1901.

DEAR UNITY: The Maine woods that I know are on this enchanted island, just off the Maine coast, and entered by way of Bar Harbor. Seal or Northwest or Southwest harbors, all beautiful and attractive places, where the wise have long been in the habit of spending their summers, and where the foolish are beginning to swarm also, seeking coolness and comfort. These, largely inattainable at other resorts, even by the sea, are found here, even in so exceptional a season as this. There has been no one day throughout the torrid term when we have not been perfectly comfortable on the piazza of this hotel. Away from it, walking or driving, one may have been too warm on half a dozen days only. We have slept under two blankets every night. The visitors are largely from eastern cities, who count their summers up here like beads upon a rosary—five, ten, twelve and even more. The artists discovered it long ago, Church and Cole being the pioneers. They painted up here in days almost prehistoric, and the woods are full of painters today, and the men and women of the camera are making "views" from every cliff and mountain.

The spot I most delight in is Seal Harbor, where from the veranda of the Seaside Inn you can step into the Maine woods and walk for miles, if you choose, through trails which pious tourists have made comfortable for walking, and where none of the insects which make the Adirondacks and even other Maine woods almost unendurable have any annoying existence. I certainly have walked in them a good deal, without once thinking of flies or mosquitoes. Yet Thoreau in his description of the Maine woods about one hundred miles above Bangor, which place is only two hours away from Mt. Desert, says: "In the summer myriads of black flies, mosquitoes, and midges—as the Indians call them, "no-see-ems"—make traveling in the woods almost impossible." I quite agree with him in what he says about the accessibility of the primitive forests hereabouts, "which are more interesting, perhaps, on all accounts, than one would reach by going a thousand miles westward."

A traveler seeking the primitive forest could plunge into it near Thoreau's Point and tread an uninhabited wilderness

stretching to Canada, in Thoreau's day—and I fancy he could find all the wilderness he would want still.

On this island it is not a wilderness, but the most entrancing of half-civilized woods. The island is a mountainous one and a comparatively small one, but it has many miles of wonderfully beautiful woods, creeping half way up the mountains, the tops of which are bare and rocky in most cases. They are not giants among mountains, by any means, but just dear, common, accessible, sociable little ranges of six or eight peaks in one group. Two conical baby mountains together are called The Bubbles, and they are very well named. Down at their feet is—

"The dank tarn of Auber
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

Other mountains here help to encircle a beautiful pond of considerable extent, called Jordan Pond, open only on one side into the beautiful woods. A little further away is Bubble Pond, a beautiful sheet of dark water shut in by Green and Pemetic mountains, which are much higher than The Bubbles, making this one of the most interesting spots on the island. No trace of civilization is near this still lake, the side open to the woods being the only place where one can get a foothold, the sheer cliffs of the steep mountains coming down to the water's edge. If not at Jordan it was surely here that Poe walked in his "most immemorial year" and "wandered with Psyche his soul." It is certainly as wierd and gloomy as the spot he pictured, and yet entrancingly beautiful. Trees grow up everywhere, out of the very rocks themselves, and shut in the charmed waters, and every rock is decorated as only God could decorate it, in the most wonderful mosses and lichens. Little blue bells, too, grow out of the rocks, and enliven the somberness of the scene.

There are many of these ponds in the island, and of course innumerable mountain brooks which trip with their feet of silver, and their voices almost articulate, of perfect joy, through the damp, dewy woods, where the fogs keep everything perfectly fresh, even when the seasons are dry. There are many other outlying islands in these harbors, which are mostly clothed like Mount Desert, in a holiday suit of green. From the window where I write you can see the little Thrumcap, Ilesford, Sutton's, Baker Island, where the lighthouse stands, Little and Big Cranberry, and Duck, the island of the gulls, where thousands of birds nest and rear their young in season. Here gulls in all stages of growth are to be seen, old, young and middle aged, and excursions to this island are the order of a good many days. This is a paradise to the naturalist as well as to the artist, and many of both are to be met with in the woods or on the sea cliffs. Studying the gulls is fast becoming a fad here.

It is difficult to write about the woods today, for the ocean lying before me is so much more interesting just now. It is the first rough weather we have had here this summer and I keep raising my eyes to watch the little sailboats dancing and dipping in the waves before me, or the surf playing about the little islands, or the long green roll of the opalescent waves.

First let me say that the woods near this place and at Bar Harbor and Northeast Harbor are getting to be set quite thick with cottages, which you do not suspect of being there until you are upon them. Every spot almost where there is a headland with a fine ocean view has a cottage hidden by the trees and planted upon the primitive rocks. Scarcely any attempt at civilized ornamentation is made except in the two towns, Bar and Northeast Harbor. There is almost no village here at Seal Harbor, only two hotels and many cottages perched on the cliffs surrounding the harbor.

Magnificent roads have been made by private enterprise between the towns, built up in places by solid masonry, and winding as near as possible to the sea. From these roads the lovely wood trails diverge to every spot of interest, especially to the different mountains, where climbing parties go every fair day.

The woods themselves are made up of spruce and balsam fir, larch and arbor vitæ, hemlock and pine, though the pine is here quite subordinate—of beech and yellow birch, alder and red oiser, with a few red stemmed maples. The white birch deserves a paragraph to itself, being the pride and ornament of the woods. One grove composed entirely of them, on the Sea Cliff drive, is a revelation in trees. Very high but not large in girth, for they are mostly a new growth, I am told, after a fire which devastated this region long ago, their painted stems are white as snow, and mottled with all delicate shades of wood coloring, and flecked here and there with moss. Some have a tinge of pink in the bark, and a variety of delicate colors in the stem near the ground. They are the most sensationally beautiful of trees and extremely graceful in movement. All the evergreen are a revelation, so superb in their growth and greenness, and so splendid in contour.

But it is the undergrowth which fills you with rapture. There is hardly a spot where you can plant your feet that a fern does not grow, and there is not a rock in the whole rocky land, away from the sea, which is not clothed with moss. The brakes are waist high in the deep ravines, and the finer ferns, delicate as filigre work in silver, are omnipresent. But the rapture of the moss! You tread on it in every wood path; it entices you from the trees and half way up the mountains it cheers your weary way. Outside the deep woods there are flowers everywhere. Beautiful hard hack, the twisted stem Solomon Seal, bluebells, daisies in wild profusion, twenty or more kinds of golden rod, buttercups and fire weeds, creeping snowberry, painted trellium, bellwart, red trumpet weed, and many others. And in no place have I ever seen such a wealth of wild roses. They grow out of the rocks everywhere where the sun shines, and make fascinating hedges around cottage grounds and even along the roadsides, entirely untended. They grow quite tall in many places and remain in bloom the summer through.

Then there are berries everywhere—blueberries, raspberries, blackberries, cranberries—you may pick them everywhere. Spicy things like wintergreens, sarsaparilla, bayberry and Labrador tea tempt you to taste very often as you walk, as does the piquant arbor vitæ and the wild cherry.

But I shall never be able to tell you of all the charms of this island if I try ever so hard. It fastens itself around the fibers of the heart as no other place can. Its combination of sea and mountain and forest is seductive to the soul, and it grows dearer and dearer the farther away from it you get. One who could not come back last year sent these verses, with which I will close:

Laurel and juniper, hemlock and pine,
And beautiful breast-high brakes,
Coral red bunch-berries down in the mosses,
How do I sigh for your sakes.

Pink and white spireas high mid the alders,
Filmy as streamers of cloud,
Snowy white birches turning above you,
I could cry to ye aloud.

Red and green wintergreens mid the pine needles,
How have we searched for your spice,
Blueberries covering stern rocky places,
How do your memories entice.

Wild roses growing in sweet wayside hedges,
All your allurements I know,
Blackberries clambering in all shady places
Waving their banners of snow.

These do I see when my eyes close in slumber
And mountain and forest return,
Clothed in their greenness they range themselves proudly,
All growing in Memory's urn.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

DEAR UNITY: Seeing your plea for camping out for girls as well as boys, we thought you might like to hear of our camp, which is of the neuter gender, or perhaps we ought to say bisexual, since it is sometimes full of boys and sometimes of girls. It is in a pretty valley, near the river, on our colony farm, about three miles away from the Big House.

We cannot be quite as free as your article wishes the girls to be, because we are feeble minded, and girls with women's bodies and children's minds must always be near a motherly presence. But we are as free as we want to be. We climb trees and swing in hammocks and slide down the little sand hill, and fish in the river, and we have our choice of going barefoot or wearing the old, discarded shoes that are too shabby to wear at the Big House and that don't hurt if you go paddling in the creek with them on. Then we go in swimming in the river, too, but not just as the boys do; we are more particular about our clothes than they need be. When

they have the river all to themselves for half a mile they wear the kind of clothes that Adam did before he was naughty, but we would not feel happy like that. So last spring we began making some funny looking clothes in the dressmaking room. They were of gray cotton flannel and not like any we had ever seen. The matron told the dressmaker not to tell us what they were for, but one day the superintendent came in with some visitors and told them to guess what we were working at. The gentlemen could not guess, but the lady said, "Why, bathing suits for girls, of course," and then we knew they were for us to wear at camp, and did we not have a good laugh?

At home some of us work in the kitchens and some in other places, but at camp the dressmakers do the cooking and the cooks make the beds. We all do as different work as possible from what we do at home; but you know, dear UNITY, there's not much work to do in camp when every one does her share, and besides work in camp is just fun.

Then, when evening comes, instead of going to bed when the sun goes, we have gathered a great heap of linden branches and old rotten stumps and limbs of trees and brush to make a blaze, from the woods around us, and we build a great, big bonfire, and we sit on the grass around it, singing songs and hymns, roasting corn and potatoes in the ashes, sometimes pulling taffy. Sometimes friends come out from the Big House or from town and sing or tell stories for us.

And then the tree toads and katydids begin to sing, and we see the wonderful shadows among the trees made by the blaze of our fire and watch the sparks fly up whirling in the fragrant smoke, and the stars come out in the sky above the treetops and the rest and quiet of the summer nights come down on us like a benediction and the girls stop chattering and become still. Then the good attendant says, "Come, girls; get to bed or you won't be ready to rise when the whistle blows in the morning." And then we all laugh, because, you know, *the whistle does not blow and the bell does not ring for campers.* If we stay up late so that we have to have breakfast half an hour later than we had it yesterday, nobody scolds, and we have just as much time for breakfast.

So we go to our tents, and after we have said our evening prayer and sung our evening song we lie down on our cots and sleep. Those of us who have been out camping before are not frightened when an acorn drops down on the tent roof, nor when a screech owl begins to hoot in the big walnut tree on the knoll. And the only thing we don't like about camp, except the mosquitoes, which are not very bad, is leaving it for the routine life at the Big House again, at the end of our all-too-short week. But we know that there are 350 more boys and girls who want a share of camp besides our thirty-two, and so we say "Good-bye, old camp, until next summer." Then all winter we have stories to tell of what happened in camp and plans to make of what will happen next year if we have good luck, and we think we have just as good times as any girls, even if we know that we are not like some of them.

N. B.—The higher grade children, about half the total number, are taken each summer in parties of thirty-two to a camp in the woods near the St. Joseph river. It is the event of joy of the year.

THE GIRL CAMPERS OF THE INDIANA
SCHOOL FOR FEEBLE MINDED YOUTH.

Fort Wayne, Ind., August 1, 1901.

To the Editor of Unity:

For a long time UNITY has been a regular visitor at our reading room and we are interested in many things that we read in its columns.

I wonder if some of your readers might not be interested in our school. Its name is the Southern Industrial Institute and is located in eastern Alabama at Camp Hill. Our work is for white youth of slender means and is quite similar to the work being done at Tuskegee for the negro. We are especially anxious for the little children. Miss Mary Bedford, for many years a "shut-in," of Beloit, Wis., is trying to raise funds for a school building for our primary department. There are no superior schools in our locality and especially for children.

If any readers could give us books or apparatus suitable for primary work we should be very glad. Contributions in money will also be thankfully received. All contributions can be sent to either Miss Bedford or myself, at Camp Hill, Ala.

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